Select Miscellany.

"VET."

"V-e-t, Vet." What does it mean
Upon yon soldier's faded coat?
His hand is hard, and rough and brown;
I see a scar along his throat;
His eyes seem living far off still;
It a close-cut mouth is firm and grim.
Mother, what means that little word
Upon a sleeve so worn and thin?

It means, my child, that rugged hand
Has wielded musket long and well;
Has sent the iron thunder home,
And tuned the song of screeching shell.
It means that, steady, staunch and true,
He fairly won that rugged scar,
While you and I sat safe at home
And read the news about the war.

What wonder if the mouth is grim,
That said so many swift "good-byes"?
Life's common words are idle breath,
Beside those earnest battle-cries.
What wonder if the gaze is dim,
And yonder strangely linger yet?
The eye that has looked straight at Death
His image may not soon forget.

And this is what it means to earn
The title "Veteran," on a coat;
To march through flood and field, or lie
Where rebel rifles sweep the moat;
To serve the guns in rifle-pits;
To sleep beneath the silent sky;
To dream of home and wake to war;
To see a comrade drop and die!

To hear and heed the fearful song
Which whistling Minie bullets sing;
To faint and fall, and longing lie
For one cool draught from rocky spring.
And this, my child, is what it says,
That little word of letters three.
Go, clasp his hand, and give him thanks
For battles fought for you and me.

An Episode of Gettysburg.

HOW GENERAL SEDGWICK'S SIXTH CORPS MARCHED TO THE BATTLE.

The proposed excursion of Massachusetts soldiers and their friends to Gettysburg, Penn., on the 23d of October, to locate the memorial tablets to mark the positions of the various Massachusetts commands engaged there on each day of the battle, naturally awakens fresh interest in the part taken by the soldiers of Vermont in that great conflict. The Sixth corps, it will be remembered, was the last to reach the battle-field, being more than thirty miles away at the opening of the contest, and was but partially engaged at the close of the second day and through the last or third day's fighting. But on their march from Manchester, taken in connection with their previous severe service, the men of that command exhibited that wonderful power of endurance which later gave the corps the name of "Sedgwick's foot cavalry."

This march has been declared by competent military authority the most wonderful in modern history, and a graphic picture of it from the pen of one who participated will be given in Mr. Bowen's forthcoming history of the Thirty-seventh regiment, which it is expected will be published during the early part of 1884. The story properly begins with the movement of the two opposing armies northward from the banks of the Rappahannock in the early part of June, 1863. General Lee having decided upon his unfortunate invasion of the free states left A. P. Hill's corps in the old defenses at Fredericksburg to maintain a show of strength, while the bulk of the confederate army sought to elude Hooker and gain some decided advantage of position before the intention of the movement should be discovered. Lee's design, however, was penetrated by General Hooker at the outset and the main body of the army of the Potomac moved between the southern forces and Washington, obliging Lee to remain on the west side of the Blue Ridge, while the Sixth corps was left to watch Hill and protect the rear.

For ten days General Sedgwick operated incessantly against the hights across the river, and though there was only a continual skirmishing between the two corps, with no serious fighting, the weary federals during all that time had little rest or sleep. By day they were on the skirmish line or marching and countermarching in and out of sight of their enemies, to give the impression of a large force intending a determined attack, while by night they were intrenching or engaged in other duties. Finally, on the night of June 13, under cover of a rainstorm, the corps withdrew to the Falmouth shore of the river and the exhausted men, wrapped only in their blankets, threw themselves on the soaked ground, regardless of the pouring rain, and slept heavily till the bugles sounded the signal for the march toward Washington.

And such a march! Considerable rain had fallen, and over the muddy Virginia roads the great army had been moving with its multitude of horses, wagons, artillery and ambulances. Let the reader picture one vast expanse of mud, in the midst of which runs a poorly defined highway, for in the search for better footing thousands of men and horses and wheels have made common way of the bordering lands. Far as the eye can reach a great blue throng surges hither and thither, but who can say whether it recedes or advances? No cavalry are there, for they are away on the outskirts, engaged in many a daring deed, but infantry, artillery, pontoon and wagon trains are mingled in one mass of confusion. The soft mud almost engulfs the heavily loaded wagons, and the ponderous wheels of the gun carriages sink deep in the mire. The drivers whip and scream and swear—principally the latter—and not unfrequently the pressing infantry come in for a share of the maledictions. Nor are the latter backward in consigning to a place where no artillery could possibly be used the unwieldy vehicles which block their way.

If the country is level and unobstructed the infantry take to the fields and make reasonable progress, but here is a defile where all must pass through the narrow cut, and the mud is especially deep. A great parrot gun blocks the way, stuck fast in the slime. The horses and drivers and tugging artillerists who are striving to rescue their beloved piece occupy all the available room, and only now and then a common soldier can dodge past. Meanwhile the pouring infantry fill all the approaches, and when at length the cannon rolls on there is a rush from the impatient mass. Fortunate indeed if some luckless comrade does not lose his footing and roll over and over in the half-liquid sea. A few pass and then another gun or cassion or wagon lurches into the same slough and the struggle is repeated as the long day wears itself away. But at such a time day and night are all alike, in so far that they must be subordinated to the orders of the general commanding. The corps must be at a designated point at a specified time, whether five hours or twenty be required to make the distance. At five in the afternoon on that 14th of June the corps reached Stafford court house, and halted for five hours, when the tramp was resumed. All through the night the column crept on at a snail's pace, the men keeping ever a sharp lookout for the bright camp fires which would announce the approaching bivouac. But no camp-fires were lighted that night, and morning found the command at Aquia creek, where a halt was made for breakfast. But not for rest! Not yet. Just a few moments in which to breathe after swallowing their coffee, and then "Forward!" once more on the interminable road.

The sun rose bright and clear, and a sultry day ensued. Like magic the mud dried and crumbled under the multitude of feet and a choking cloud of dust arose and settled in volume on every perspiring face and hand. It penetrated everywhere—eyes, nose, mouth and lungs, all were filled; thirst became intolerable, but water was not to be had. Even if by good fortune a little spring or stream was discovered, in a moment the banks were trampled and the water all too soon lost its purity and became mere liquid mud from the struggles of the rushing hundreds who swarmed about it, eager only to touch a finger's tip in the cool mass if it was no longer possible to moisten the parching throat with the undrinkable mixture.

They marched till Dumfries was reached at noon, and halted on a south-sloping hill-side, where on the parched ground in the terrible glare of the sun the men threw themselves to sleep, glad of even that opportunity. At midnight the march was resumed, and in this manner Fairfax was reached, and there and at Centerville several days were passed. Some troops which had been doing duty in the fortifications there were relieved, and the well-worn soldiers saw them march toward the front with the expectation of remaining in their places; but the next day the veterans were likewise on the road, in a drizzling rain that made their clothes as damp as their spirits. This was the 26th of June, and the 30th found them at Manchester on the Pennsylvania border, having moved by way of Edwards ferry and Westminster, following the cavalry on the extreme right of the army. This had been continuous marching at the rate of some twenty-five miles a day, with alternate rain and heat telling severely upon the jaded men.

Here, then, was the Sixth corps, at the point from which it was to make one of the most remarkable marches known to history, not fresh for the effort, but well exhausted by a month of almost incessant skirmishing and marching. The 1st of July, after a general brushing up and inspection, was devoted to rest. All the afternoon came the roar of the cannon far to the northwest, but that was a familiar sound and only evoked the remark that the cavalry were having another brush. As dusk fell many of the men were asleep, for they were still weary, when the clatter of hoofs, the hurried dash of staff officers, the bustle of preparation at headquarters, and the vigorous command to "Pack up and fall in!" drove away in a moment all hope of a refreshing night's sleep. Before the slower men are in their places, even, the column is in the road and sweeping back in the direction whence it came the previous evening. There is a hope which is more than half a belief that the destination may be Westminister, which is but ten miles away, and the men move out with a cheerful step. Presently a kind-hearted farmer, who is giving each boy in blue a cup of milk, announces that a battle has been in progress at Gettysburg, nearly forty miles away, and it is natural to suppose that the destination of the corps.

"*About* forty miles—he said it was forty miles—and what did he call the name of the town?" goes from lip to lip, and the step which had been light becomes heavy and mechanical, and the soldiers are transformed into mere machines, to plod on as steadily as possible all the interminable night. There is no moonlight and only a pale glimmer of the stars, half obscured by clouds; but the long column presses forward and never halts, for if it stops the men will drop into heavy slumber and may be left behind in the darkness.

The night is well advanced, and the leading brigade has been toiling for miles along a narrow road, when a shouting aide presses through the struggling footmen. "Make way here, make way for God's sake; you are all wrong!" Then reaching the head of a regiment: "Halt your men colonel; you are on the wrong road!" Presently the head of the column comes slowly back those who have dropped asleep are roused, the regiment countermarches and plods back over the three or four miles that have taken so much of the soldiers' vital force all in vain. Two or three hours have been lost and six or eight miles of ground covered that the general historian will make no account of when he tells the story of the night.

Morning lights the east; dawn flushes the sky; day comes in its full glory; but the column does not halt. At last the advance brigade turns from the highway, and a hundred little fires for the preparation of coffee flash up in a moment. The water comes from a generous brook in the valley, and how grateful after the intense hunger is partly satisfied it will be to bathe the heated face and blistered feet in the cool stream! Vain hope! Even before the coffee is made the bugle rings out its unwelcome call and the weary procession is resumed. The half-made coffee is swallowed on the march or carefully poured into the canteen, for in many cases it is the only food or drink the soldier can hope to taste that day. General Meade has just taken command of the army, and by an unfortunate change in the method of issuing rations the haversacks everywhere were empty on that day and the supply was very insufficient for several days after, especially among the wounded. Far out on either flank of the moving column the more ambitious went, searching out every dwelling that promised a mouthful of food, finding here a few cherries, there some half-ripened blackberries, and welcoming whatever would appease the cravings of hunger. These men had no money with which to buy, they could offer only a soldier's rude thanks and a promise to fight for the threatened homes when the enemy should be met; but whatever the loyal people could spare was freely bestowed, often to the last eatable morsel. Yet how small the supply for 10,000 empty stomachs!

Only the participant in like experiences can realize the misery of the ceaseless march of the long, sultry hours. It was a hot, breathless July day. The sun poured down with merciless, unbroken heat, and the dust that rose in great lazy clouds from the highway enveloped man and horse, general and private alike, in its all-embracing mantle of torture. How the exhausted lungs panted for one full breath of pure, cool, fresh air! Panted only to be mocked by the bitter, burning, dust-laden blast that seemed to come from the mouth of a furnace. What wonder that the sun-stroke was omnipresent along the line—that strong men gasped and staggered and fell, while the thick blood burst forth from mouth and nostrils and the tortured frame was placed tenderly in some shaded nook by comrades whose visions swam and who trembled on the verge of a like fate. But the winding column never paused, for not the life of one man but the life of the Nation was at stake that day.

About midday the regiment filed into the fields beside the road and the men sank upon the ground. "Make no fires, for there will be no time to cook anything—only a few minutes for rest," was the instruction as the line halted, and every moment was devoted to relief of the painful feet and weary limbs. All too soon came the summons to fall in again, and the men struggled to their feet. They had not realized before how tired they were, how sore and stiff their limbs.

From early morning the booming artillery had proclaimed the work of death to be still in progress, and each hour as the distance lessened the thunder grew louder. Already the corps was meeting the tide of wounded hastening with desperate energy to the rear—that most demoralizing experience to a body of troops approaching a battle-field. With scarcely an exception the tale they told was one of disaster to the federal army. "You fellows will catch it; the whole army is smashed to pieces!" said more than one browny fugitive with a bleeding arm or a bandaged head, glancing over his shoulder as though fearing the pursuit of a rebel column. Only a few miles remain, and occasionally through an opening between the hills what looks like a white bank of fog can be seen. It is the smoke that hangs over the scene of the great contest. There is a sharp hill in advance over which the pike winds, and when its crest is reached the field will be in view. The word runs back along the line, and what a transformation is wrought! Gone now the fatigue, the weariness forgotten; the blood bounds once more in the veins, the muscles harden, the eyes flash! Down into the valley—up the sharp ascent beyond, and with eager eyes the men of the Sixth corps look upon the greatest battle of the rebellion. Yet it is not much that they see. A low range of hights battery-crowned and partially wooded, with masses of soldiers that look like threads of blue drawn at hap-hazard across the green of the landscape; a cloud of smoke about the batteries at the left, with now and anon the white puff of a bursting shell—then they go down the slope, across Rock creek, and turn into the fields beside the Baltimore pike on which they have been marching. "Rest" is the brief and welcome command, and they drop on the unshaded ground, glowing with heat, though it is. Here and there one, less exhausted than his fellows, gathers as many canteens as he can carry and starts for a supply of water—a precaution that must not be neglected. A canteen of water is the wounded man's best friend, and who can tell what the remaining hours of the declining day may have in store? The column proper has has halted, indeed, but there is no cessation of the procession coming up the pike. The thousands who have been unable to keep pace with the swiftly moving corps throng the highway in groups and masses, all actuated by a common motive—to find their respective commands and do their duty.

All too short has been the interval of rest, when a staff officer dashes down the turnpike. There is a momentary consultation, a hurrying here and there of orderlies, then the command, sharp and clear, "Fall in!" To their feet spring those who a few minutes before seemed helpless from exhaustion. Forgotten the pain, ignored the stiffness of limb, for help is needed, and never did the Sixth corps fail at the call of duty. As by magic the line is formed, but the march is no longer by the broad highway; it is down across the fields and thence up into the forest toward Weed's hill, where Sickles and his Third corps are in a death grapple with the confederates under Longstreet. How heroically the men hold their places, as though fresh from a long period of inactivity. "Double-quick," is the command, and away sweeps the column in splendid array, with never a lagging step. "Fix bayonets!" and with a clash and clatter the cold steel is fitted to every musket, ready for a headlong dash into and through whatever may oppose, and already the leading brigade is driving back the foe.

The Roar of London.

W. J. Stillman says in the October *Century* in his essay on the Characteristics of London: "As I write, sitting by my study window, full five miles from the city proper, I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea on a rocky shore—the rush of incessant trains along the iron ways, the rumble of myriads of drays along hundreds of miles of stone-paved streets (for which wood is now being in part substituted), each no more to the general symphony than the hum of a knat to the sounds of a summer day—a volume of sound unintermitting from dawn till dark. Yet I am bowered in green trees, with cowslip and daisy-flecked fields spread out under my eyes—not a spire, not a chimney-stack of the metropolis visible; and the carols of larks and thrushes, the song of the nightingale run through the web of sounds like gold and silver threads through a dingy fabric, with the twitter of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles thrown on at random. Out of the monotone flashes the individual roar of a nearer train, the scream of a whistle, and the roar dies away again into the sullen monody. This is audible London."

Secrets in Washington.

Secrets are often valuable in Washington. When the ways and means committee decided to increase the tax on whisky to two dollars a gallon, a number of fortunes are said to have been made within a small circle of men. In the dark days of '64 a treasury clerk kept for twenty-four hours a secret known only to President Lincoln and Secretary Chase besides himself. When it became officially known, it sent gold flying up, and the country was in dismay. It was a secret, too, that could have been passed on without harming the Union cause. It was simply a question of keeping faith till the time came. An hour after the news broke, the clerk fairly staggered under a terrific slap on his shoulder. He heard and saw a banker whom he knew well. "You miserable fool!" cried the banker, "I'd have given you one hundred thousand dollars to have known this twenty-four hours ago!" And the banker could have well afforded to do it. But the clerk had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty, as many another government officer has done under circumstances of temptation.—*David D. Lloyd, in The Manhattan.*

"JOHNNY, how many bones are there in the human body?" "Whose human body, mine?" "Yes. Yours, for instance." "Can't tell. You see I've been eatin' shad for breakfast, and that upsets the anatomical estimate at once."

New Advertisements.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In 1875, thirteen men comprised the entire working force used in the manufacture of the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case.* Now over *five hundred* are employed, and the number is constantly increasing. The reason of this increase is this: In the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* all the metal in sight and subject to wear is *solid gold,* while the remainder, which only lends strength to the case, is of stronger metal than gold, giving gold where gold is needed, and strong, elastic metal where strength and elasticity are needed, a combination producing a watch case *better* than solid gold and at ONE-HALF the cost.

Over 200,000 of these cases have been sold, and every jeweler in the country can testify to their quality and merit. TRADE MARK

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E. W. Marsh, of the *Democrat,* bought a Jas. Boss' Gold Watch case 15 years ago, and carried it until a short time ago, when I purchased it, and sold it to a customer. The case showed no signs of wear, except that natural to any case, and I am satisfied can be safely guaranteed for at least ten years more. I have sold the James Boss' Gold Watch Case for many years, and the parties who bought the first ones are carrying them to-day, as well satisfied as though they had bought a solid gold case costing twice the money. I regard them as the only cases of this kind a jeweler should sell who desires to give his customers the worth of their money or values his reputation.

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(*To be Continued.*) 5